

**MORE PAGES OF STORIES!**

# Captain Marvel



A FAWCETT PUBLICATION **ADVENTURES**

NO. 142

**10¢**

MARCH

*Georgies*



HAS THE WORLD'S  
MIGHTIEST MAN  
MET HIS MATCH?

Read  
**THE  
BEAUTY  
IN  
BLACK**



JEWELRY



# KOREA OF SPACE

A Jon Jarl Adventure

By Eando Binder

"**A**LL RIGHT, draw!" snapped Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Police, waiting tensely. Silent seconds dragged by. Suddenly Jon whipped his ray-gun out of its holster in a blur of motion. "Got you?" Jon said.

But Jon did not fire. There was no space crook before him. He was alone in his ship, whirling away time that hung heavy as he cruised the Asteroid Belt, which was deadly dull. Nothing ever happened in the asteroids, those thousands of tiny worlds between Mars and Jupiter. Jon was bored stiff.

But suddenly, as he passed Asteroid X-44, Jon stiffened. What was that glint of metal down there on its frozen, icy surface? A wreck? Jon spun his rocket ship down and for the first time in weeks, excitement sang through his veins.

The wreck below was strange and huge. It was a gigantic saucer-shaped structure with a big red star emblem. It didn't look like a modern space ship of 1934 at all. Somehow it looked ancient. Jon landed and stepped out into the thin but invigorating air of the asteroid, and examined the enigmatic find.

Suddenly, Jon caught on. "A space station!" he exclaimed. "One of those old-time artificial stations they used to build which orbited the Earth at a height of about one thousand miles, like tiny moons! They went way back—back to about the middle of the twentieth century, before they had space travel. They had first built such space stations, as early as 1923, under the flags of several nations.

But how had this one gotten here, way off in the asteroids? Jon entered the crushed doorway and gasped. Wrecks, bodies lay around, but not decomposed. All the corpses were thickly encased with ice, perfectly preserved. And a wild idea hit Jon. He had heard before of space-cold freezing men, but so suddenly that it acted like a deep-freeze, without killing them. Could these men of the twentieth century be merely in a state of suspended animation?"

"Nothing ever happens in the asteroids!" Jon murmured in mockery of himself as he unlocked his Atomic Heat Lamp from his belt and set the coils to produce enormous heat,

warming up the interior of the huge flying saucer. He waited breathlessly. Would they come alive?

A faint groan sounded in the still air . . . then there was a stir . . . and soon the men were sitting up, the melted water running off their bodies. They looked bewildered, and Jon noticed now they were slant-eyed Orientals, and all were dressed in military uniforms. There were a large number, perhaps a thousand.

Soon, Jon was talking to their commander, who spoke first in the ancient Oriental tongue. When Jon shook his head, he switched to precise English of the vintage of the twentieth century, which Jon easily understood.

"Where are we?" he asked, quite naturally. "Prepare for a shock," Jon said. "You're in the asteroids, and it's the year 2261 A.D."

"Great Buddha!" said the commander, stunned. "Over three hundred years in the future! But how did it happen? All we remember is that our space station floated over Earth, in the year 1933. Suddenly, a meteor clipped us and knocked us out of our orbit. The next thing we knew we were floating away from Earth, into open space! Then another meteor punctured our hull, letting the air out—and all went black! That's the last we remember, till we woke up here."

Jon supplied the rest. "Obviously, the space-cold froze all you men in deep-freeze then, a sort of living death. And your space station simply drifted on into the asteroids and finally landed on X-44. Well, welcome to 2261. Guess you have to live here the rest of your natural lives!"

The commander and his men all looked at each other in dumbfoundment, but finally they shrugged, accepting their fate.

"But just who are you?" Jon asked curiously. "You have military uniforms. Were you a part of some war of that time?"

The commander drew himself up stiffly. "I am Colonel Yeong, of the North Korean armed forces! Yes, in 1933, we were engaged in war against the United Nations and America of that time." Yeong's face suddenly became as-cited. "Tell me, who won? You must know

(Continued on inside back cover)



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified as their covers by the word's A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment. *W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*

# CAPTAIN MARVEL

With the  
**RED  
LIGHTNING  
BLITZ**



WHENVER BILLY BATSON, FANCY BOY NEWSCASTER, SAYS THE WORD "SHAZAM!" HE IS MIRACULOUSLY CHANGED INTO POWERFUL CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL WHO COMBINES IN HIS MIGHTY PHYSIQUE THE POWER OF SIX OF THE MIGHTIEST HEROES OF ALL TIME!

AMONG A RUTHLESS ENEMY HORDE IN KOREA, ONE NAME STANDS OUT IN LOATHSOME BRUTALITY — THE RED CRUSHER! WITH A MIND OF SCIENTIFIC GENIUS BUT A SOUL OF BLACKEST EVIL, THIS COWARD MASTERMIND SWAGES ONCE MORE AT THE FORCES OF FREEDOM! EVEN CAPTAIN MARVEL NEEDS ALL HIS POWERS TO STOP THE RED CRUSHER'S LIGHTNING BLITZ!

ONE DAY A REGULAR NEWS ITEM FROM THE KOREAN WARFRONT IS GIVEN OUT BY BILLY BATSON, BOY NEWSCASTER!



AFTER THE BROADCAST, BILLY PONDERS THE PUZZLING REPORT!



ANOTHER FORM OF LIGHTNING THUNDERS DOWN AT THE BASIC WORD AND BILLY IS CHANGED INTO



CAPT. MARVEL



**BAM!**

WOW! THE TANK METED AS IT ABSORBED THE LIGHTNING!



BUT AS THE ELECTRICAL STORM BUILDS UP IN FURY

RUMBLE RUMBLE

YIPES! ALL THAT BARBED WIRE IS ELECTRIFIED!

ANOTHER GIANT-LIKE JOB FOR A HUMAN HERCULES!



GET TO ROLL IF ALL UP AND GET RID OF IT!



WHY NOT LET THE ENEMY HAVE A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE?

**BLOMP!**

WOW!

THEN THE LIGHTNING BARRAGE SUDDENLY ENDS!



THANKS, CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOU SAVED US FROM UTTER ROU! I WONDER IF THIS IS THE WORK OF THE RED CRUSHER?

THE RED CRUSHER? BUT I CAPTURED HIM MONTHS AGO!

YES, BUT HE ESCAPED!



HOLY MOLEY! THE RED CRUSHER... THE MOST DANGEROUS COBBIE ALIVE! HE'S A RUTHLESS SCIENTIFIC BASTARD! LAST TIME IT WAS HORRIBLE SPIKE BALLS! THIS TIME, IS HE CREATING LIGHTNING?



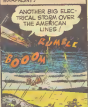
REPORT FROM POSITION X... COMBATS ATTACKING IN FORCE... LED BY THE RED CRUSHER!

WATCH ME, BAR! I HAVE A SUGGESTION... MEET THERE!

.. WIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE GREAT CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY!



LIKE A HUMAN LIGHTNING FLASH, THE WORLDS MIGHTIEST WORTAL ARROWS ACROSS THE GLOBE TO THE WARFRONT!



BUT OVER HERE IN ENEMY TERRITORY ALL IS CLEAR! CRAZY AS IT SOUNDS, RAYBE THE COMRADES SOMEBOW PRODUCE THE LIGHTNING!



MEANWHILE, DEVIATION, INVADERS THE UN FORCES!



ANOTHER BOLT THUNDERS DOWN AT US! CAN EVEN CAPTAIN MARVEL OUTRACE LIGHTNING?



BUT IN COMPARISON TO THE FLASHING SPEED OF THE MIGHTIEST OF MEN, LIGHTNING IS SLOW!

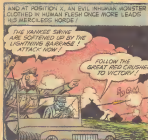


ANOTHER GIANT ELECTRICAL SPARK SIZZLES DOWN AT AN AMMUNITION DUMP!



AGAIN THE HUMAN LIGHTNING FLASH THINKS AND ACTS WITH FANTASTIC SPEED!







BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES, THE FURIOUS RED CRUSHER PREPARED TO STRIKE WITH HIS BRASTLY LIGHTNING MACHINE AGAIN!

THAT WARRIOR WON'T STOP ME! MY MACHINE WILL NOW SHOOT MORE BILLIONS OF ELECTRONS INTO THE CLOUDS! IT'S MUCH LIKE SEEDING CLOUDS WITH DRY ICE TO MAKE RAIN!

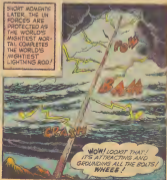


A TREMENDOUS ELECTRICAL BOMBARDMENT SMASHES DOWN AT THE AMERICAN LINES!

**BAM CRASH BOOOOOM**

HOLY MOLEY! GOT TO STOP THIS! FIRST, OVER INTO THE ENEMY LINES FOR METAL!

SHORT MOMENTS LATER, THE UNFORCES ARE PROTECTED AS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL COMPLETES THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST LIGHTNING ROD!



CAPT. MARVEL

WHEN THE NEWS COMES TO THE RED CRUSHER, BESTIAL CHARLES ISSUES FROM HIS THROAT, AND AN EVIL NEW PLAN FROM HIS TWISTED MIND!



CURSE THAT YANKEE DOG! BUT I'M NOT THROUGH! MOUNT THE LIGHTNING MACHINE SECURELY ON THE BOMBER!

BUT NIGHT FALLS AND MEANWHILE, A SMALL FIGURE OF A BOY CREEPS BRAVELY THROUGH THE ENERGY LINES... NONE OTHER THAN BILLY BATSON!



CAPTAIN MARVEL GRABBED BACK TO ME! I'VE GOT TO SNEAK ACROSS THE ENERGY LINES AND LOCATE THE LIGHTNING MACHINE!

SUDDENLY, BILLY'S HAIR STANDS ON END!



BUT IT IS NOT FROM FEAR OR SHOCK!

AH, JUST AS CAPTAIN MARVEL FIGURED! ANY ELECTRICAL MACHINE GIVES OFF STATIC CHARGES! THE STIFFER MY HAIR GETS, THE CLOSER I AM TO THE DEVICE!

FOLLOWING THIS STRANGE "TRAIL," BILLY LOCATES THE MACHINE. BUT

RED CRUSHER AND HIS MACHINE!



YANKEE SPY! GOT YOU!

SHAZ--URK!

BONG

BILLY AWAKENS TO FACE GRIM EXECUTION!

I'M READY TO TAKE OFF IN THE BOMBER TO SMASH AT THE YANKEE WORMS AGAIN! HERE EXECUTE THE SHOOOPER WITH MY LIGHTNING GUN!



READY, BROT? ONE BLAST FROM THIS GUN WILL SEND YOU TO ETERNITY! I WILL COUNT TO THREE!



ONE...

SULP!

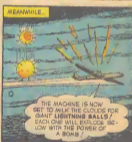
IS BILLY HOPELESSLY DOOMED?

I'M BUFFLED BY THIS HOOD. CAN'T SAY MY FORD WHAT CAN I DO?

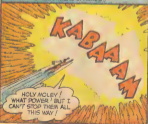


TWO...





WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL, FOLLOWING UP, CONTACTS  
ONE OF THE ELECTRICAL SPARKS...



SWIFTLY THE MIGHTY AMERICAN FINDS A FLAME  
THROWER, AND,

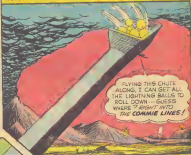


UNPROVISED TO ALL HANDS, HE HANDLES THE MOLTEN SILICATES DEFTLY!



SAND IS THE BASIS OF ALL GLASS! AND GLASS IS AN INSULATOR AGAINST ELECTRICITY! NOW TO HOLD A LONG CHUTE!

WONDERING IF WE GET A FANTASTIC SIGHT IN THE SKY SOON!



FLYING THIS CHUTE AROUND, I CAN GET ALL THE LIGHTNING BALLS TO ROLL DOWN -- GUESS WHERE THEY'LL END UP -- INTO THE COMMUNE LINES!

AND THE RED CRUSHER'S DIABOLICAL LIGHTNING BALLS ONLY BOOMERANG AWAY HIS OWN FORCES!



CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS ONE LAST DETAIL LEFT!



THE LIGHTNING MACHINE NOW -- FIRES!

BLAMM



THE FLASH BLINDED US...

LATER...

SORRY, SIR! I CAN'T DELIVER THE RED CRUSHER BACK TO PRISON CAMP! HIS PLANE CRASHED TO BITS, CARRYING HIM WITH IT!

HIS MENACE IS ALL OVER! I SHOULD BE SALUTING YOU, CAPTAIN MARVEL, AS THE WARP'S GREATEST HERO!

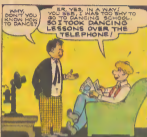


FINALLY, BACK IN THE LAND OF THE FREE...

GOSH, MY HAIR IS STILL BRISTLY AND I'M DUE BEFORE A TV CAMERA! BUT I DON'T CARE -- IT SAVED MY LIFE! THAT WAS ONE TIME I WAS GLAD MY HAIR STOOD ON END!



# DOPEY DANNY DEE DANCE PHONE-Y!



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# Captain MARVEL

## Battles SABOTAGE ABOARD THE SPACE STATION



HELLO, FOLKS! THIS IS BILLY BATSON TELECASTING THE NEWS AS USUAL FROM STATION WHIZ-TV! BUT THERE IS ONE BIG DIFFERENCE ON THIS GREAT DAY, FRIENDS! I AM NOT ON EARTH AT ALL! I AM... OUT OF THIS WORLD!

YES, FOLKS, I'M OVER A THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE EARTH, IN A SPACE STATION REVOLVING AROUND THE WORLD LIKE A TINY ARTIFICIAL MOON! THIS IS THE OPENING TELECAST FROM THE WHIZ WORLD WATCHTOWER!



LOOK OUT, BILLY! HERE COMES A METEOR!

IT SEEMS TO BE BILLY'S FIRST AND LAST NEWSCAST FROM THE AMAZING NEW SPACE STUDIO, AS DANGER STRIKES ABRUPTLY!

HOLY MOLEY! COMING STRAIGHT AT US...  
**SHAZAM!**

BUT BILLY HAS SPOKEN THE MYSTIC WORD... MAGIC LIGHTNING RIPS DOWN FROM THE STARS... AND THE BOY IS CHANGED INTO HIS OTHER FORM OF...

**BOOM**

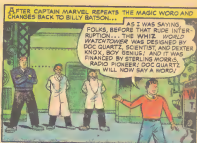
...RENOWNED CAPTAIN MARVEL, WATCHDOG OF THE WORLD, WHO SWIFTLY TURNS THE PLOTSAM OF SPACE ASIDE!

WHOA, BOY... TURN... TURN! THAT'S IT.

WHIEWWH! SAVED BY AN EYELASH! CAPTAIN MARVEL IS AS TERRIFIC UP HERE AS DOWN ON TERRA FIRMA!



BIG METEORS LIKE THAT ARE RARE! IT MAY NOT HAPPEN AGAIN FOR A CENTURY! NOW BILLY CAN RESUME HIS THRILLING NEWSCAST TO THE WAITING WORLD ABOUT THIS WHIZ SPACE STATION!



AFTER CAPTAIN MARVEL REPEATS THE MAGIC WORD AND CHANGES BACK TO BILLY BATSON...

AS I WAS SAYING, FOLKS, BEFORE THAT RUDE INTERRUPTION... THE WHIZ WORLD WATCHTOWER WAS DESIGNED BY DOC QUARTZ, SCIENTIST, AND DEXTER KNOX, BOY GENIUS; AND IT WAS FINANCED BY STERLING MORRIS, RADIO PIONEER! DOC QUARTZ WILL NOW SAY A WORD!



THE SPACE STATION IS DESIGNED TO HOLD ALL THE EQUIPMENT, SUPPLIES, LIVING QUARTERS AND STUDIOS NEEDED BY THE STATION WHIZ STAFF! WE BREATHE AIR FROM TANKS, OF COURSE!



A WORD FROM DEXTER KNOX!

THE FORCE OF GRAVITY HARDLY EXISTS UP HERE, FOLKS! SO WE WEAR THESE STEEL SHOES WHICH HOLD US DOWN TO THE MAGNETIZED IRON FLOOR! OTHERWISE WE WOULD FLOAT HELPLESSLY!



FINALLY, STERLING MORRIS SPEAKS!

FRIENDS! I'VE BUILT THIS SPACE STATION FOR PEACEFUL PURPOSES! OUR ORBIT TAKES US AROUND THE EARTH IN ONLY TWO HOURS! THIS, WITH A TELESCOPE, WE CAN EASILY LOOK DOWN AND REPORT TO YOU MANY NEWS SCOPES AT THE MOMENT THEY HAPPEN!

IN FACT, BOLKS-- FLASH!



WE ARE NOW PASSING OVER THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AND AN ISLAND THERE IS ERUPTING!



AND THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE BELOW WITNESSES AN ENTHRALLING PHENOMENON OF NATURE!

WATCH, FOLKS! OUR LONG-RANGE ZOOMAR LENS PICKS IT UP FOR YOU AND RELAYS IT TO EARTH! YOU SEE THE ERUPTION IN PERSON!

GOSH! WHAT A SCOOP FOR WHIZ-TV!

BY THE END OF THE FIRST DAY THE WHIZ WORLD WATCHTOWER HAS MORE ASTONISHING SCOOPS AROUND EARTH!

BUT DOWN ON EARTH AFTER A WEEK'S TIME, ANGRY RESENTMENT RISES IN THE HEART OF SCOOP BARTON, RIVAL RADIO REPORTER!

LATER, A ROCKET SHIP ZOOMS UP FROM EARTH TO THE STATION HANDING IN SPACE.

BESIDES THE VOLCANO ERUPTION, WE SPOTTED A HUGE FOREST FIRE IN EUROPE... A HURRICANE NEAR INDIA... A LOST AIRLINER IN THE SAHARA DESERT... AND A SHIP IN DISTRESS AT SEA!

YIPES!! MY HOOPER RATING IS ALMOST DOWN TO ZERO! NOBODY LISTENS TO ME ANY MORE! BILLY BATSON SCOOPS ME EVERY TIME; BLAST THAT BRAT AND HIS SPACE STATION; I'LL BE RUMKED!

ONE MORE THING, FOLKS! ONCE A WEEK A CONTACT ROCKET COMES UP, BRINGING US FOOD, WATER AND OTHER SUPPLIES! THE ROCKET LANDS INSIDE, WHERE IT CAN BE UNLOADED EASILY!

KEEP US TUNED IN EVERY DAY, FOLKS—FOR SCOOPS AROUND THE WORLD!

BUT AS THE SUPPLY SHIP IS UNLOADED WITHIN, THERE IS A SECRET STOWAWAY WITH IT!

SOON, THE UNSCRUPULOUS RADIO REPORTER ACTS REFRIGERIOUSLY!



I'M NOT GOING TO LET BILLY BATSON OUTSCOOP ME! NOW I'M INSIDE THE SPACE STATION AFTER I SNOOP AROUND. I'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO.



MAGNETIC FLOOR CONTROL, EH? OFF IT GOES! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT'LL CAUSE PLENTY OF TROUBLE HERE IN THE SPACE STATION!



SCOOP BARTON IS NOT WRONG, FOR AS BILLY'S IRON SHOES LOSE THEIR GRIP ON THE UNMAGNETIZED FLOOR...

HOLY MOLEY! I'M FLOATING LIKE A FEATHER... CAN'T MOVE ANYWHERE OR GRAB HOLD OF ANYTHING...

SHAZAM!



AGAIN MAGIC LIGHTNING BRINGS CAPTAIN MARVEL, WHO CAN FLY!



BUT THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN FINDS WORSE DANGER IN STORE FOR PETER, KICK, AND DOC QUARTZ!

WE WERE COMING TOWARD EACH OTHER WHEN SUDDENLY...

OH-GOSH! THEY ALMOST CRASHED HEAD ON!

CAPT. MARVEL

BEFORE THE LACK OF GRAVITY CREATES PANDEMONIUM IN THE SPACE STATION, CAPTAIN MARVEL TURNS THE MAGNETIC FLOOR BACK ON!

HOW DID THIS GET TURNED OFF? BUT THE DANGER IS OVER!

COMPOUND MUM! THAT DIDN'T WORK! GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING BIGGER AND BETTER -- AND MORE HORRIBLE!



MEANWHILE, BEFORE CAPTAIN MARVEL CHANGES BACK TO BILLY, ANOTHER CATASTROPHE IS SPOTTED BELOW ON EARTH BY THE CRUISING SPACE STATION!

ICEBERG BELOW, ABOUT TO CRASH INTO A FLEET OF WHALING SHIPS!

THEY NEED HELP QUICK!



IF I JUST SMASH THE ICEBERG, FLYING CHUNKS MIGHT STILL WRECK SHIPS! WAIT... THEY HAVE WHALE OIL ABOARD... I'LL BARRAGE SOME!

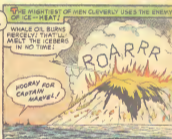
HELP!



THE MIGHTIEST OF MEN CLEVERLY USES THE ENEMY OF ICE -- HEAT!

WHALE OIL BURNS FERCELY! THAT'LL MELT THE ICEBERG IN NO TIME!

HOORAY FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL!



BUT WHEN THE CRIMSON FORM RETURNS TO THE LOFTY ALTITUDE OF THE SPACE STATION, A STUNNING SURPRISE AWAITS HIM!

SCOOP BARTON KNOWS AS HE RIDES THE SUPPLY ROCKET BACK TO EARTH AS A STOWAWAY!

BEFORE I LEFT THE SPACE STATION I TURNED ON THEIR DRIVE JETS WHICH ARE USED TO CHANGE ORBITS; BUT I SET THE JETS TO HURL THEM FAR AWAY FROM EARTH! THAT'LL BE MY BIG SCOOP SOON -- HWIZ WORLD WATCHTOWER LOST IN SPACE FOREVER!

AND THE RUNAWAY SPACE STATION SPEEDS INTO THE VOID, CARRYING ITS MAROONED CREW WITH IT... TO WANDERING DOOM!

WE SHUT OFF THE DRIVE JETS, BUT IN SPACE, YOU JUST KEEP GOING ONCE YOU START MOVING! NO FUEL LEFT TO RETURN TO EARTH! WE'LL JUST KEEP DRIFTING... DRIFTING... FOREVER!

NOW BACK TO THE STATION AND -- HEY, IT'S GONE! GONE FROM ITS ORBIT! HOLY MOLEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN MARVEL SEARCHES FRANTICALLY, BUT THE LOST SPACE STATION IS ONLY A TINY SPECK IN THE VAST HAYSTACK OF SPACE!

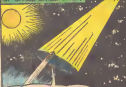
NO SENSE SEARCHING BLINDLY IN BLACK SPACE! I NEED A BIG SEARCHLIGHT! GOT TO VISIT A GLASS PLANT!



I HAD TO HEAT, MOLD AND CAST THIS BIG MIRROR MYSELF AT HIGH SPEED; NOW TO OPEN SPACE WHERE THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES!



THE WORLD'S FINEST MIRROR REFLECTS THE STRONG RAYS OF THE SUN, LIGHTING UP THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE BRILLIANTLY!



NOW I'VE GOT A SEARCHLIGHT TO SWEEP THROUGH SPACE AND---AH! I SEE THE DRIFTING SPACE STATION!



SAVED! I THOUGHT WE WERE DOOMED TO DIE IN SPACE AND NEVER SEE EARTH AGAIN! BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL--BLESS HIM!-- IS PUSHING US BACK!

LISTEN TO THIS NEWS-CAST FROM EARTH!

YES, FOLKS... I REPEAT... MY BIGGEST SCOOP YET... THE WHIZ WORLD WATCHTOWER IS LOST IN SPACE; MY COL LEAGUE BILLY BATSON IS GONE FOREVER; BUT SCOOP BARTON WILL ALWAYS GIVE YOU THE NEWS!



HYUHM! HE'S MADE AN ERROR! TWO ERRORS, IN FACT!

SOON, AT BARTON'S STUDIO---

EXCLUSIVE SCOOP BY SCOOP BARTON! THE WHIZ SPACE STATION IS LOST AND--- YAAAA!!



CORRECTION, FOLKS! IT'S BACK SAFE AND SOUND, AND THIS RAT TRIED TO SABOTAGE IT!

BUT--BUT HOW DID YOU SUSPECT ME WITHOUT ANY HESITATION?

IT'S SIMPLE, SIMPLETON! NOBODY CAN SEE THE SPACE STATION AT ALL FROM EARTH! IT'S TOO SMALL! SO HOW COULD YOU KNOW IT WAS GONE--UNLESS YOU DID THE JOB YOURSELF! SEE!

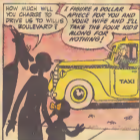


LATER...

SCOOP BARTON IS IN JAIL AND THE WHIZ SPACE STATION IS A SUCCESS! WE COVER THE WORLD! THE WHIZ WORLD WATCHTOWER SIGNING OFF TILL TOMORROW! 'BYE NOW!







# Captain MARVEL

WE AFTER TIME, FAMED CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS SMASHED CRIME, ENDING THE VICIOUS CAREERS OF CRIMINAL MASTERMINDS!

BUT FOR ONCE, ALL HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH AND LIMITLESS POWERS SEEM USELESS WHEN THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN MEETS THE WOMANLY WILES OF

THE  
*Beauty*  
in  
**BLACK!**

I LOVE YOU!  
I AGORE YOU!  
I CAN'T LIVE  
WITHOUT YOU!  
SAY YOU WILL  
BE MINE!

WELL-EH,  
I'LL THINK  
IT OVER!



RETURNING HOME FROM STATION WHIZ, BOY NEWSCASTER BILLY BATSON PASSES A CERTAIN SPOT!

MAAM! IT ALWAYS SMELLS GOOD HERE AT THIS EXPENSIVE PERFUME COMPANY!

PARFUM  
INC  
1000  
ROAD



SUDDENLY BILLY STUMBLES ACROSS NEPARIOUS DOINGS!

WE GOT THE STUFF!  
LET'S GO!

HOLY MOLEY!  
CROOKS ARE ROB-  
BING THE PERFUME  
COMPANY! SHAZAM!



AT THE MYSTIC WORD, A JAGGED BOLT OF MAGIC LIGHTNING SMASHES DOWN, WHICH TRANSFORMS BILLY INTO HIS OTHER FORM OF...

**BOOM**



CAPT. MARVEL



...CELEBRATED CAPTAIN MARVEL. NEMESIS OF ALL CRIME!

DROP IT, YOU THUG!

VIBES! IT'S CAPTAIN MARVEL!



SEEMS I FLATTENED ALL BUT THE LEADER! NOW FOR YOU, MISTER!

THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL MEETS A STUNNING SURPRISE!



HELLO! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF--I'M BLACK BEAUTY!

WOLLY MOLEY! A...A... WOMAN?



AND A BIZ STRONG MAN LIKE YOU WOULDN'T HIT A GIRL, NOW WOULD HE?

NO, OF COURSE I CAN'T HIT A LADY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME? AFRAID OF ME?

I... THAT IS... ER...



THERE, YOU BIZ DUMB ARE! THAT GETS YOU OUT OF THE WAY! YOU CAN'T OUT-SMART BLACK BEAUTY!

HEY-- SLUB!

BY THE TIME CAPTAIN MARVEL CLIMBS, MUDDY AND DISGUSTED, FROM THE STREET EXCAVATION....



SHE SURE MADE A MONKEY OF ME! BUT WAIT... THEY LEFT IN SUCH A HURRY THEY FORGOT ONE THING! MAYBE I CAN GET SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THE GIRL FROM HIM!

LATER... TALK, YOU!

YOU'RE FROM THE NOTORIOUS MORTON GANG; WHAT HAPPENED TO BULL MORTON, YOUR BOSS? HOW COME YOU LET A HERE WERE GIRL? TAKE OVER? ARE YOU KIDDING? LAST WEEK SHE WALKS IN ON US OUT OF NOWHERE, SEE?





CAPT. MARVEL

CAPTAIN MARVEL? HE'S JUST ANOTHER FATHEAD LIKE ALL MEN, LOTS OF MUSCLE BUT NO BRAINS!



THE NEXT NIGHT, AS ANOTHER CRIME JOB IS ENGINEERED BY BLACK BEAUTY...

LOOK OUT-- HERE COMES CAPTAIN MARVEL!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! HE STILL CAN'T STRIKE A LADY!



NO, BUT HOW ABOUT ROPING YOU, MY DEAR!



PRETTY CLEVER, FOR A STUPID MAN! BUT I'LL JUST SNIP IT AND --



PARDON MY NASTY LAUGH, BUT HA HA HA!!

GOPS!



BLAST HER! I'LL CHASE HER AND --- AWKKK!

WHY, CAPTAIN MARVEL! HOW NICE OF YOU TO ENTERTAIN US WITH SLAPSTICK! IT'S BETTER THAN TELEVISION! BUT NOW-- AU REVOIR!



EVERYTHING GOES WRONG! SHE GOT AWAY! BUT I'VE GOT MORE TRICKS UP MY SLEEVE! I'LL KEEP CRUISING THE CITY EVERY NIGHT! WAIT'LL WE MEET AGAIN!



AT THE NEXT ENCOUNTER...

IS THAT THAT NITWIT CAPTAIN MARVEL AGAIN? HE NEVER LEARNS!

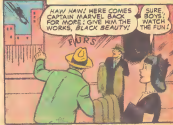
HERE COMES THEIR CAR! THIS BARRIER WILL STOP HER!





AT THE CROOK HIDE-OUT, BLACK BEAUTY GLOATS TO HER HENCHMEN:

Later...



CAPT. MARVEL

BUT THE MIGHTY CHAMPION HAS NOT COME TO FIGHT!

YOU WIN, BLACK BEAUTY! I SURRENDER!

WHY, CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOU'VE BROUGHT ME FLOWERS!



YES, BLACK BEAUTY! EVEN I, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE AT LAST!



I ADORE YOU! LET ME CRUSH YOU IN MY ARMS!

HEW! YOU'RE SO ROUGH!



HEW HEW!



TEAR GAS! YOU TRICKED ME! OHHHHH!



Y-YOU BRUTE! I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME!

THAT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET AROUND YOU, BLACK BEAUTY! NOW TO SETTLE YOUR GANG!



AH, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! SEE YOU IN JAIL, BABY!

I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!



BLACK BEAUTY IS WEEPING REAL TEARS IN JAIL NOW! THE STUPIDEST THING OF ALL FOR ANYONE TO TAKE UP IS CRIME! IT DOESN'T PAY, NOT EVEN FOR A WOMAN! AND THE ONLY THING CAPTAIN MARVEL REALLY LOVES IS SMASHING CRIME!

# CAPT. KID *and the* BOISTEROUS BULLY

OH, OH! IT'S  
BIGGER, THE BIGGEST  
BULLY IN TOWN! HE'S  
BEEN TRYING TO PICK  
A FIGHT WITH ME FOR  
A LONG TIME! I'M  
TIRED OF IT! I'M  
GOING TO PUT A  
STOP TO IT RIGHT  
NOW!

**KNOCK!  
KNOCK!**

OH, IT'S YOU,  
BULLY!

THAT'S RIGHT, KID!  
I WAS PASSING BY  
SO I FIGURED I'D  
DROP IN AND SEE  
WHAT A TWEAP  
LIKE YOU WAS  
DOING!

THEN IT'S TOO BAD  
I DON'T LIVE IN  
A WELL!

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN?

I WISH I LIVED IN  
A WELL SO YOU  
COULD HAVE DROPPED  
IN!

WUP!

WHAT ARE YOU,  
A WISS GUY?

YES! DO YOU WANT  
TO MAKE SOMETHING  
OUT OF IT?







CAPT. MARVEL



SURE I'M TOUGH ENOUGH! WHY WITH ONE FINGER I COULD KNOCK DOWN FIVE GUYS!



I CAN PLOW DOWN FIFTEEN MEN WITH ONE PUNCH AND WITH ONE SOCK ON MY FIST I CAN KNOCK DOWN BULBINGS!

OH, BROTHER!



YES BEE-E-E! I'M TOUGH!

OH, YEAH?



SOCK!

BOON!



NOW WHO DID YOU SAY YOU WERE?

AAA!



I THOUGHT I WAS THE FELLOW YOU ARE!

AAAAA, THAT'S BETTER,...



AND DON'T COME HERE BULLYING AND SCARING! YOU KNOW WHO THE MASTER IS NOW!

I CERTAINLY DO! CUCK!



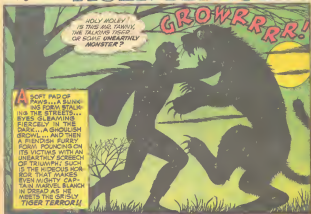
CLUB MEMBERS! HERE'S YOUR TONIGHT'S MONEY CODE MESSAGE!

FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT WWW.CAPTAINMARBEL.COM

THEY TALKING ABOUT YOU WITH EXCELLENCE KINGDOM NEWS  
 IN THE MIDDLE NATION NEWS! WE JUDGE NEWS IN  
 TETRAHEDRAL BARRIERS LU GRN LM GOV ALL! THE DEED  
 BELONG TO THE YOUNG IN HONOR OF THE YOUNG IN GOV LU  
 CIVIL! WE'VE BEEN WITH THEM TODAY ZWYHODIV!

# Captain MARVEL

## Fights the TIGER TERROR



**A** SOFT PAD OF PAWS... A BUNKING FORM STALKING THE STREETS... EYES GLEAMING FIERCELY IN THE DARK... A GHOULISH GROWL... AND THEN A FIENDISH PURRY FORM POUNDING ON ITS VICTIMS WITH AN UNEARTHLY SCREECH OF TRIUMPH! SUCH IS THE HIDEOUS HORROR THAT MAKES EVEN MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL BLANCH IN DREAD AS HE MEETS THE GRISLY TIGER TERROR!

AS OFTEN AS HE CAN, BILLY BATSON VISITS THE HOME OF HIS OLD FRIEND MR. TAWNY TAWNY, THE CIVILIZED TIGER!

MR. TAWNY SITS ALONE NIGHT AFTER NIGHT! I'LL DROP IN ON HIM AND KEEP HIM COMPANY! HE MUST BE LONESOME!



BUT MR. TAWNY HAS SOLVED HIS PROBLEM!

HI, BILLY! COME ON IN AND MEET MR. JOHN JONES, MY NEW ROOMER!

ROOMER?



SURE, BILLY! I RENTED MY SPARE ROOM TO HIM! I'M NOT LONELY ANY MORE! WE SPEND OUR EVENINGS TOGETHER!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, BILLY! I WAS LONELY, TOO—UNTIL I CAME HERE! MR. TAWNY AND I ARE GREAT FRIENDS ALREADY!



CAPT. MARVEL



YOUR MOVE, JOHN!

WHAT'S YOUR LINE, MR. JONES?



I'M A STUDENT OF THE OCCULT-- YOU KNOW WEREWOLVES, VAMPIRES, GHOULS AND SUCH, WHEN THE FULL MOON RISES-- AS NOW-- SUCH GHASTLY CREATURES ROAM THE NIGHT, SEEKING PREY!

UH... BUT THEY'RE JUST STORIES, THEY DON'T EXIST!



WHEN BILLY LEAVES, MR. TAWNY REASSURES HIM IN A JOKEING WAY!

HOW DON'T YOU GO INTO ANY SCHOOLS OR VAMPIRES ON YOUR WAY HOME, BILLY! PLEASANT DREAMS!

G-GOOD N-N-NIGHT!

AS BILLY MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS, LIT BY AN EERIE MOON, HE TRIES TO GULL HIS UN-EASY THOUGHTS!



VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES, THEY WERE JUST TRYING TO SCARE ME! TYPES! WH-WHAT'S THAT SH-SHADOW?

TERROR SPRINGS FORTH FROM THE NIGHT!



GRRRRR!  
AN EASY VICTIM!

OH-ROSH!



WAIT! IT'S A TIGER AND IT TALKED! IT'S JUST MR. TAWNY GIVING ME A REAL SCARE! OHAY, MR. TAWNY! YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN!

BUT THE GHASTLY FORM KEEPS COMING WITH GRASHING FANGS AND RENDING CLAWS, AND FINALLY...



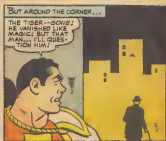
SHARRRRLL!!  
HUMAN FLESH I'LL FEAST!

HOLY MOLEY!  
THIS IS NO JOKE!  
SHAZAM!

WHENEVER IN DANGER, BILLY UTTERS THAT MYSTIC NAME, BRINGING DOWN A THUNDEROUS BOLT OF MAGIC LIGHTNING THAT CHANGES HIM INTO...



BOOM









WHEN BILLY'S SENSES RETURN, HE IS THE HELPLESS PRISONER OF A WILD-EYED HUMAN MONSTER MASQUERADING IN HUMAN FLESH!

ALL RIGHT, BILLY! HE, TAWNY IS INNOCENT! I'M THE CULPRIT! NOW WATCH--WATCH ME TURN INTO A WERE-TIGER BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE FULL MOON!

G-SULP!



GRRRRAH!  
BLOOD... WARM BLOOD...  
AND SOFT HUMAN FLESH!

BILLY'S HEART PALPITATES IN DREAD AND AGONY! HE TRIES TO SCREAM... SHRIEK AWAY... BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE SHARP FANGS THAT SINK INTO HIS YIELDING THROAT!

OHMY! WHAT A RIGHTEFUL W-WAY TO D-DIE!

GRRRR!  
SNARE



BUT THE BRAVE BOY CONQUERS GUARING FEAR AND FINDS A WAY TO SAVE HIMSELF!

THOSE FANGS... IF I JERK MY NECK AWAY AND MAKE THEM RIP MY GAG... IT WORKED! NOW TO YELL MY WORD!



BUT DESTINY PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS! DESPITE HIS CLEVER RUSE, MOST MADDENING OF ALL, BILLY IS STILL UNABLE TO SUMMON FORTH THE SAVING WORD OF MAGIC!

SHAZ...  
URGLE!  
GLUBB!!

OHMY! THE FANG'S PUM-TURED MY FRONT! I'M CHOKED WITH MY OWN BLOOD!



DESPERATELY, HEART POUNDING, THE BOY DASHES INTO THE NIGHT, HOPING TO ESCAPE THE FIENDISH MONSTER!

SHAZ...  
Goooo!!

SHARRRR!!  
YOU WON'T GET FAR!



HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE BILLY'S HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE ENDS--IN DEATH?!

GRRRR!  
MISSED HIM...!

LOSING BLOOD... GETTING WEAK... I CAN'T RUN MUCH LONGER!





ONCE MORE MAGIC LIGHTNING BRINGS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!



A MOMENT LATER, AS THEY STARE AT THE STILL FORM, IT CHANGES.

HE DESERVED ONLY DEATH! AS JOHN JONES, HE TOOK A ROOM WITH YOU, KNOWING HE COULD BLAME ALL HIS HORRIBLE KILLINGS ON YOU!

BUT I CAUGHT ON WHEN I SAW HE HAD NO MIRROR IMAGE! THAT WAS WHY I HID OUTSIDE UNTIL HE CHANGED! I DIDN'T MEAN FOR BILLY TO BE TRAPPED! I HOPE HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



THE NEXT EVENING, AT THE TALKING TIGER'S HOME...



## Korea of Space (Continued from inside front cover)

that, as part of history?"

Jon grinned. "You lost, Colonel Yong! In fact, before the end of that century, America and the free nations wiped up all you communists, and the world was free and democratic from then on!"

"You lie!" snarled Yong, giving out a string of Oriental oaths. "How could the blasted, decadent capitalistic world win out against the mighty red star coalition of nations?"

"You can cut out all the ideological rubbish," Jon drawled bitingly. "Already he hated these men who had followed that ancient evil code of human slavery. 'You and all your misguided Red allies got a thrumping licking by the United Nations. If you don't believe me, it's all down in black-and-white in the history books. Deny that if you can!'"

Yong's shoulders slumped. "You mean . . . you mean there is no such thing as glorious communism alive today?"

"Your glorious communism," sneered Jon, "is deadlier than yesterday's fish. In fact, today we have the *United Worlds*, similar to the United Nations, in which all planets and worlds work together in freedom and harmony."

"United Worlds?" said Yong, almost with a groan. This to him, Jon could see, was the crowning blow to his fierce fanaticism. "All the solar system united in peace and freedom and blasted plutocratic decadence? By Buddha, I wish we had never revived!"

"I'll report you to headquarters," Jon said, leaving. "I'll return with food and supplies. You'll be treated well and allowed to live anywhere you choose. That's a sample of our blasted plutocratic decadence!"

When Jon returned twenty-four space-hours later, towing a supply glider, he was suddenly seized by Colonel Yong and his men. "What's the meaning of this?" Jon demanded.

"You are our prisoner!" Yong hissed. "We still have huge military supplies here in our space station — guns, ammunition, even rocket planes. We are going to sweep out and conquer the asteroids, one by one! We will revive the great Red crusade and eventually smash your piddling United Worlds!"

Jon was aghast. Were they mad? But maybe not. The asteroids were all small, peaceful worlds, inhabited by unarmed native races that the Reds could easily force into military duty, under threat of torture or death. Also there were some big Earthian factories here and

there that could be captured and made to produce weapons. Colonel Yong's mad dream might get going like a steamroller and become a serious menace!

Jon suddenly jerked loose and leaped one hundred feet into the air, in the asteroid's light gravity, taking the Reds by surprise. In mid-air he pulled his ray-gun and came down shooting. They wailed under his withering fire and ran into the safety of the space station. But then his wicked guns swung toward Jon, booming powerfully, shooting shells.

Jon could not face them, and he leaped for his ship, rocketing away barely in time. Jon turned in space, his face grim and cold. "All right, you low-down commies!" He muttered angrily. "Here I come! I'll show you some real fighting, of the twenty-third century!"

Like a one-man army, Jon spun his tiny rocketship down at the space station in a power dive, his guns spitting. His ray-gun blasted holes in their heavy armor-plate. His last ray made metal pour like water. And his miniature atom bombs dug craters all around the Red stronghold and rocked it as if in a titanic earthquake. "Before I'm through with those stupid Reds and their pip squeak weapons of 1943," Jon promised, "they'll think the universe fell in on them!"

Soon, the white flag of truce waved from the space station. They had radioed, so Jon turned them in. "Truce?" called Colonel Yong. "Let us be reasonable, Jon Jarl. Let us meet and hold a Peace Conference. I'm sure we can work out our problems together."

But Jon shook his head. "You can't fool me," he spat back. "You Reds understand only one thing — a good licking! What I want is unconditional surrender!"

With that Jon circled and spun around their space station, laughing at their slow guns and weak weapons. And all the while Jon peppered back, blasting their giant stronghold into a sieve.

**A**T LAST a white flag waved again. "Unconditional surrender!" came in hollow, defeated tones from Yong. "I can see the United Worlds of 2361 cannot be fooled around with!"

"Brother, you can say that again!" Jon chuckled. "Your fighting days are over. You guys will spend the rest of your lives in jail on Mars — also known as the Red Planet!"

THE END

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